THE

Philanthropic Rambler.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

THE

Philanthropic Rambler.

BY JANE TIMBURY,

AUTHOR OF

TOBIT,

THE MALE COQUET,

AND

THE TRIUMPH OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Go and do thou likewise."

LONDON:

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

Friend—You are ſtill ſcribling I ſee? ſtill ſtriving for a ſprig of the bay?

Author—Indeed I am not ſo ſanguine: I fear it would be overrating my own merit to expect a ſingle leaf.

Friend

Friend—And do you really write without a deſire of fame?

Author—I have not the vanity to ſuppoſe I ſhall acquire any.

Friend—But don't you intend to write a Preface to your work?

Author—To what purpoſe?

Friend—To gratify the curioſity of your readers, by informing them how theſe adventures came into your poſſeſſion.

Author—I will not pay my readers ſo bad a compliment, as to ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe I can impoſe upon their judgment, by adding falſehood to fiction.

Friend—You make very nice diſtinctions;—falſehood and fictions are ſynonimous terms, in my opinion.

Author—And yet there is a material difference between them.

Friend—How will you prove that?

Author—By the moſt ſublime and moſt ſacred of all writings—the Goſpel.

Friend

Friend—What do you mean—fictions in the Goſpel?

Author—Parables, my good Friend; parables, by which the holy Founder of our faith deigned to inſtruct, as well as reprove his hearers: but to quit the Scriptures and deſcend even to Pagan writers, have not many excellent leſſons of morality been conveyed to us by agreeable fictions, in which we are told, not altogether what mankind are, but what they ought to be?

Friend—Then you really confeſs that your Hero is a creature of the brain—

brain—a mere ideal character that never had exiſtence?

Author—Heaven forbid, that I ſhould be ſo wanting in gratitude to thoſe whoſe patronage has convinced me that ſuch characters as Benevolus are to be found in real life.

Friend—But after all, you are content to have your work paſs for a fiction?

Author—Whether real or fictitious, if I ſhould be ſo happy to contribute to the amuſement of my readers, I ſhall think myſelf amply rewarded;

rewarded; but ſhould I fail in the attempt, I can only aſk pardon for encroaching upon that time which might be dedicated to a better purpoſe, and I flatter myſelf that every candid perſon will think me ſufficiently puniſhed for my preſumption, by being deprived of the greateſt of all earthly pleaſures, that of giving pleaſure to others.

THE

THE SOLILOQUY.

Great minds, like Heaven,
Are pleas'd with doing good!

ROWE.

'I THINK,' ſaid Benevolus, cloſing the book he had juſt finiſhed peruſing, which was the Adventures of the renowned Knight of La Mancha, 'I think that Knight Er-'rantry (exploded as it is) might,

'under proper reſtrictions, be of
'infinite uſe to ſociety. How many
'injuries and inſults are committed
'in this metropolis that do not
'come within the reach of the law;
'and what can give greater plea-
'ſure to a feeling mind, than to
'act as the champion of injured in-
'nocence, to relieve the oppreſſed,
'and to redreſs the wrongs of
'thoſe who are incapable of de-
'fending themſelves? Is it not a
'duty incumbent on us to alleviate
'the ſorrows and diſtreſſes of our
'fellow creatures, by imitating,
'as far as lays in our power, the
'Saviour of mankind, who went
'about doing good?'

Pleaſed

Pleaſed with this idea, Benevolus retired to his repoſe, determined to ſally out the next day in purſuit of ſuch adventures as might give him an opportunity of diſplaying that humanity which had given riſe to the above Soliloquy. But before I proceed any farther, it is proper I ſhould make my reader acquainted with the character and diſpoſition of a perſon who is to be the principal ſubject of the following ſheets.

A CHARACTER.

Nature might ſtand forth,
And ſay to all the world—this was a man!

SHAKESPEARE.

BENEVOLUS was a gentleman of good family, independent fortune and unblemiſhed honour; by birth an Engliſhman, by principle a citizen of the world. He was arrived at that period of life when the paſſions, though not wholly extinguiſhed, are become leſs impetuous, conſequently leſs dangerous, by

by being under the dominion of reaſon and prudence. To ſpeak without a metaphor, Benevolus was near fifty; he was a moraliſt without being a free thinker, a philoſopher without the leaſt tincture of atheiſm, and religious without a grain of hypocriſy; yet, with all theſe endowments, joined to an agreeable perſon, he was ſtill unmarried, not from any averſion on his part to the connubial ſtate, but from ſuch accidents as no human prudence could prevent; nor was it in the tender paſſion only that he had been diſappointed. The ingratitude of one, whom he looked upon as a ſincere friend, gave him

a ſenſible concern; yet even this had no effect on his philanthropy. The guilt of an individual could not provoke him to fall out with the world, or leſſen his good will towards mankind in general. Without a wife, and without any progeny to partake of his fortune, his greateſt pleaſure was to ſhare it with the ſons and daughters of poverty, whom he conſidered as having a juſt claim to a moity of that wealth which the bounteous hand of Providence had ſo liberally beſtowed on him.

THE

THE HYPOCRITE.

Seeming Devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithfully honeſt, juſt, nor brave;
But where Religion does with Virtue join,
It makes a Hero, like an Angel, ſhine.

WALLER.

EAGER to put his laudable ſcheme in execution, Benevolus had juſt deſcended the ſteps of his abode, and was debating with himſelf which way he ſhould bend his courſe, when the Windſor ſtage paſſed by; the coachman held up his

his whip as a ſignal that there was a place vacant. Benevolus, after a moment's pauſe, took poſſeſſion of it, and the vehicle reſumed its motion; his fellow-travellers were two faſhionable young females, a plain elderly one, a ſailor, and a methodiſt preacher; the noiſe of the carriage would not admit of any converſation till they were off the ſtones, and then, as is generally the caſe among ſtrangers, the weather was the firſt topic; the young ladies expreſſed great ſatisfaction at the pleaſantneſs of it, and hoped it would continue fair till the enſuing Sunday was over, that they might not be diſappointed

of

of the pleaſure they promiſed themſelves, in walking on the terrace along with the Royal Family: this afforded the preacher an opportunity of diſplaying his oratorical powers, by giving them a lecture on the pomps and vanities of the world, for which he profeſſed the greateſt contempt; he inveighed bitterly againſt the viciouſneſs of the times, and lamented the turn for diſſipation, and the want of faith and piety in the young perſons of the preſent age; but as a proof of his own, he aſſured them that his was not a journey of pleaſure; that he did not go to Windſor to gaze at princes, and the

great

great ones of the earth, but from motives of religion and charity, to promote the glorious work of ſalvation, by giving ſpiritual aſſiſtance to one of his righteous brethren who lay dangerouſly ill; this harangue, with all its pious flouriſhes, was delivered with too much ſelf-ſufficiency, to make a favourable impreſſion on his hearers, even had they condeſcended to pay any attention to it; but the young ladies thoughts ſeemed to be wholly taken up in the anticipation of future pleaſure: the elderly one obſerved, with a very ſignificant look, that people ſhould take the mote out of their own eye; before they

they preſumed to look for one in their neighbours; and the ſailor was fallen aſleep. Benevolus, though he was wholly free from prejudices, yet having always conſidered a man's actions as the beſt proof of his religion, he could not help thinking that his fellow-traveller had over acted his part, but an averſion to religious controverſy prevented him from making any reply, and a profound ſilence enſued; which laſted till they reached Hounſlow-Heath, when the coach ſtopping to take up an outſide paſſenger, he obſerved a man lying on the ground at ſome diſtance from the road, who appeared to

have

have ſcarce any more covering than his ſhirt; eager to relieve him, if really an object of compaſſion, he deſired the coachman to enquire the cauſe of his being in that ſituation; the man at firſt refuſed, alledging as an excuſe that he was already half an hour later than his uſual time; and it is a matter of doubt whether the eloquence of Fox, Burke, or even Sheridan, would have made any impreſſion on him, if unaccompanied by a certain ſomething more univerſally prevailing, than all the powers of rhetoric, and which juſt then appearing in the form of a ſhilling, ſoftened him into compliance; but

but this delay ſeemed to give great offence to the man of piety, who muttered ſomething about needleſs curioſity, and the ridiculouſneſs of prying into other peoples affairs.

'An pleaſe your honour,' ſaid the coachman when he came back, 'the man who lies yonder is an 'old ſeaman; he has been robbed 'on his return from London, where 'he had been to receive his pen-'ſion, and the rogues, not content 'with taking all he had, have beat 'him ſo unmercifully, that he is not 'able to riſe from the ground with-'out help. Open the door,' ſaid Benevolus, 'and let me out, that

'I may assist you in supporting him
'hither. Bless me, Sir, what do
'you mean,' cried one of the young
ladies, catching hold of his arm,
'why you cannot surely be in ear-
'nest: is it possible you should have
'so little regard to decency as to
'think of bringing a naked man in-
'to the coach? He is not quite na-
'ked, Madam,' replied Benevolus,
'and I hope you are not so totally
'devoid of feeling, as to wish me to
'leave the poor creature to perish
'for want of assistance. There is
'not much fear of that, I suppose,'
said her companion, 'some wag-
'gon or cart will undoubtedly pass
'this way before night, when the
'fellow

'fellow may be taken up, without
'the impropriety and inconveni-
'ence that would attend the bring-
'ing him here, which you may be
'aſſured, Sir, we ſhall not conſent
'to.'

Benevolus was too much cha-grined at this oppoſition, not to be ſomewhat diſguſted at the authors of it; few people had a juſter ſenſe of decorum, or higher ideas of fe-male modeſty, than himſelf; but, though he admired true delicacy, he deſpiſed the affectation of it, and could entertain but a poor opi-nion of any woman's heart, who would not give up ſomething of

outward form, when a caſe of real diſtreſs demanded ſuch a ſacrifice; unwilling, however, to give offence, he again applied to the coachman, who promiſed the uſe of his great coat, and was proceeding to open the coach door, when he was ſtopped by the preacher, who, in a very authoritative tone, called out, 'Hearke, Maſter, admit another 'paſſenger at your peril, the coach 'is already full, and I cannot per-'ceive the neceſſity of incommod-'ing the whole company, to gra-'tify the whims of one perſon. 'What recompenſe can be made 'me if, in conſequence of this de-'lay, I ſhould arrive too late to

'receive

'receive the laſt injunctions of my
'dying friend.'

'Good Heaven,' exclaimed Benevolus, with a look of mingled indignation and concern, 'is it 'poſſible, that a man can preſume 'to preach the goſpel to others, 'who is himſelf a ſtranger to the 'nobleſt of its precepts!'

'Aye, aye, cried the old lady, 'he is juſt what I always thought 'him, a wolf in ſheep's cloathing; 'he is afraid, I ſuppoſe, that he 'ſhall not be time enough, to pre-'vail on the ſick man to will his 'money to him, inſtead of leaving

'it to his poor relations. It is 'ſuch hypocrites that bring reli-'gion into contempt, by having 'the name of God perpetually in 'their mouth, when their heart is 'ſo far from him.'

Severe as this ſpeech was, there was too much truth in it to be heard without emotion by him to whom it was addreſſed; various were the changes his countenance underwent while ſhe was ſpeaking, but in vain did he attempt to reply, ſhame and vexation inevitably deprived him of the power of utterance.

The

The ſailor, who had been taking a very comfortable nap, diſturbed, perhaps, by the vehemence of the laſt ſpeaker, now began to move: —'How now, meſs-mates,' cried he (rubbing his eyes), 'what's a-'miſs, ha, why we an't a-ground 'I hope?'

But when informed of his next neighbour's behaviour, he ſwore he was a d——d hard-hearted fellow, with all his pretended cant, declaring, that for his own part, he would walk twenty miles barefoot rather than any fellow-creature, eſpecially a brother ſailor, ſhould be diſtreſſed for want of a

birth.

birth. He then opened the coach door and jumped out, followed by Benevolus.

Having reached the object of their compaſſion, they raiſed him from the ground, and had the ſatisfaction of finding that he had received no other injury than a few ſlight bruiſes; but the ſailor looking earneſtly in his face recognized an old meſs-mate; he ſhook him heartily by the hand, expreſſed the ſincereſt concern for his misfortunes, aſked half a dozen queſtions in a breath, without giving him time to anſwer one.

Bene-

Benevolus, as ſoon as he could find an opportunity, enquired what loſs he had ſuſtained, and, taking out his purſe, gave him ſomething more than an equivalent.

It is hardly poſſible to determine which experienced the greateſt pleaſure from this act of benevolence, the donor, the receiver, or the honeſt tar, who joined with the old man in returning thanks to his generous benefactor, promiſing at the ſame time not to quit the former till he had ſeen him ſecurely anchor'd in a ſafe harbour.

Bene-

Benevolus, happy to leave him in ſuch good hands, very willingly reſigned his ſeat in the coach; and, bowing to the old lady, without deigning to take any notice of the unfeeling travellers, he walked back to Hounſlow, and, going into an inn, gave orders for a chaiſe to convey him to town.

THE

THE CLERGYMAN.

His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And Charity itſelf was in his face,
Still, of his little, he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſh'd and to cloath the bare;
And ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt,
To ſerve the ſick—to ſuccour the diſtreſt!

DRYDEN.

WHILE the chaiſe was getting ready, one of the Weſtern ſtages ſtopped at the inn, when a perſon advanced in years, by appearance a clergyman, deſcended from the top

top of the vehicle, and advancing to the ſide of it, carefully aſſiſted the coachman in helping out one of the inſide paſſengers, who was a middle-aged man meanly attired, feeble, and emaciated,

Benevolus, whoſe curioſity was excited by this tranſaction, which he had obſerved from the window, was not ſorry to ſee the above-mentioned perſon uſhered into the apartment in which he was ſitting.

The clergyman, with a benignity in his looks, and deportment that ſpoke him an ornament to his profeſſion, ſupported the ſick man to a chair,

a chair, and having ordered him some refreshment, left the room.

'You seem very ill,' said Benevolus, 'perhaps the air will be disagreeable to you, (pulling down the window)?'

The stranger bowed and thanked him, but said no more.

Benevolus, from motives more laudable than those of mere curiosity, again addressed him, observing that he appeared very unfit to bear the fatigue of travelling in a vehicle so little calculated for ease as a stage coach.

 'Alas,

'Alas, Sir,' replied the man, 'I 'have long been a ſtranger to eaſe; 'I have, indeed, dragged on a life 'of miſery for ſome months paſt; 'and muſt have ſunk under the 'weight of my afflictions, but for 'the aſſiſtance of that worthy gen-'tleman who juſt now left me.'

'He is of the church, I pre-'ſume?'

'Yes, Sir, he is a curate of the 'village where I reſide, and has 'been my chief ſupport ever ſince 'I have been unable to work.'

'What is your complaint pray?'

'I have

'I have many, Sir; the princi-
'pal one is a nervous fever, at-
'tended ſometimes with the moſt
'acute pains.'

'Cannot you get any relief?'

'I have been under a doctor's
'hands theſe two months, who,
'finding that he could be of no
'ſervice to me, adviſed me to go
'to London, and endeavour to
'get into an hoſpital; this propo-
'ſal gave me but little comfort, as
'I had no friend in town, nor any
'money to take me there; but
'when my benefactor heard of it,
'he determined not only to bear

'my expences, but to accompany
'me himſelf; it was not without
'reluctance that I accepted this ge-
'nerous offer, well knowing that
'he could ill afford ſuch an ex-
'pence. When we ſat out, I beg-
'ged to be permitted to go on the
'outſide, but he would not hear of
'it; and indeed I am quite aſhamed
'that one of his cloth ſhould be-
'mean himſelf in ſuch a manner on
'my account; but God Almighty
'will, I hope, bleſs and reward
'him for his goodneſs.'

Here he pauſed to wipe off the tear of gratitude which ſtole down his cheek, and was prevented from adding

adding more by the entrance of his benefactor.

Benevolus, who had liſtened to the poor man's ſtory with a mixture of pleaſure and pain, could not avoid making compariſon between this worthy clergyman and that unfeeling pretender to piety whom he had ſo lately parted with.

Charmed with the character of the real divine, he ſeized the firſt opportunity of paying him ſome juſt compliments on the humanity of his conduct, which were received

with that modeſty that generally accompanies real merit.

After diſclaiming any applauſe for the performance of what he conſidered as his duty, he informed Benevolus, that the ſick man had been a reputable tradeſman, but through a ſeries of unavoidable misfortunes (all borne with the greateſt fortitude), he was at laſt reduced to earn his ſubſiſtence by working as a day-labourer, which he had continued to do for ſeveral years, without once repining at his lot, till the loſs of an amiable wife proved too great a ſhock for all his philoſophy to ſupport;

ſupport; and his immoderate grief on that occaſion had brought him into the bad ſtate of health under which he now laboured.

This recital was ſcarcely finiſhed when they were interrupted by the entrance of the coachman, who came to inform his paſſengers that he was ready to proceed on his journey.

After much intreaty, Benevolus prevailed on them to occupy the chaiſe he had ordered for himſelf, which was alſo waiting at the door. But before their departure he requeſted to ſpeak a few words to the

the clergyman alone, and taking a bank note from his pocket-book ſaid—

'Permit me, Sir, to follow your 'example, by contributing ſome-'thing towards the relief of ſo de-'ſerving a member of ſociety; your 'acceptance of this trifle for the 'purpoſe, I ſhall eſteem as a favour, 'and think myſelf happy if you 'will conſider me as your banker, 'whenever a farther ſupply ſhall 'become neceſſary.'

A preſentation to the beſt living in the kingdom could not have excited more gratitude in the breaſt of

of this worthy divine, than ſuch unlooked for bounty to his unfortunate companion. Minds ſo congenial could not long be ſtrangers, and this interview, ſhort as it was, laid the foundation of a friendſhip, which death only is likely to diſſolve. After mutual profeſſions of eſteem, the clergyman accompanied the ſick man to the chaiſe, and our philanthropiſt once more took his ſeat in a ſtage-coach.

THE

THE COXCOMB.

For Fools, are doubly Fools, endeavouring to be wiſe.

DRYDEN.

'FAITH I am very glad we have 'got rid of our whining compa-'nion,' ſaid a fopiſh looking young fellow, as Benevolus ſtepped into the coach, 'don't you find the 'company of ſick people very 'diſagreeable, Ma'am?' addreſſing himſelf to a genteel female who ſat oppoſite to him.

'If

'If I think ſo,' replied the lady, 'it proceeds from the concern I 'feel at ſeeing a fellow-creature 'ſuffer, without having it in my 'power to relieve them.'

'You ſurprize me, Ma'am; is it 'poſſible you can have ſuch a 'tender heart? Upon my ſoul, I 'thought it was compoſed of ada-'mant—abſolutely invulnerable.'

'Why ſo, pray?'

'From the difficulty I find in 'making any impreſſion on it; for 'may I be rejected by the whole 'ſex, if I ever ſaid ſo many ſoft 'things

'things to ſo little purpoſe in my 'life before.'

'Soft enough indeed,' ſaid a plain looking elderly man, 'if there 'is any merit in talking nonſenſe, 'you certainly have a moſt indiſ-'putable claim to it.'

'Prythee, don't be ſo crabbed 'man,' replied the Coxcomb, 'you 'are juſt like the dog in the man-'ger, becauſe you are paſt pleaſing 'the ladies yourſelf, you cannot 'help envying us young fellows, 'who enjoy the ſunſhine of their 'favours."

'Why

'Why really,' ſaid the old gentleman with a ſarcaſtic look, 'I do 'not ſee much room for envy on 'that account, for if one may pre-'ſume to judge of your paſt and 'future ſucceſs by the preſent, you 'are not much more in the good 'graces of the females than my-'ſelf.'

'Not more in favour with the 'ladies than you are! Ha, ha, ha,— 'that is an excellent joke faith; 'why you have a deviliſh good 'opinion of yourſelf, old boy, but 'I fancy I know the ſex rather bet-'ter than you do, and for all this 'lady's ſeeming ſhyneſs, I dare be

'ſworn ſhe has too good a taſte,
'not to prefer five and twenty to
'threeſcore and ten. What ſay you
'Ma'am?' clapping his hand on her knee.

'That I ſhall never think youth
'an excuſe for impertinence,' replied the lady, 'but ſhall always
'prefer a ſenſible perſon's com-
'pany to a fool's, without any re-
'ſpect to ſex or age.'

'Gad, Madam, you muſt have
'very ſtrange notions, not to like
'a young fellow better than an old
'one, but every one their fancy
'you know; it is always my way to

'make

'make love to every female I meet
'with, who is not old or ugly, but
'the devil take me if the fineſt
'woman in the kingdom ſhall ever
'give me a moment's uneaſineſs.'

Then throwing himſelf back in his ſeat, he hummed a tune, not at all diſconcerted by the rebuffs he had received; nor was his loquacity in the leaſt checked by the contemptuous looks of his fellow-travellers. After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to be witty, and telling ſome good jokes as he called them, at which nobody laughed but himſelf, he aſſumed an air of importance, and endeavoured to diſplay

his conſequence, by exclaiming againſt the inconveniency of a ſtage coach.

'What a curſed fool I was,' ſaid he, 'that I did not take a poſt-'chaiſe, when my horſe fell lame; 'people who are uſed to travel 'either in a chaiſe or on horſe-'back, had need have the patience 'of Job, to bear being dragged 'along in this manner by a ſet of 'wretched hacks, who are fit for 'nothing but dog's meat; and as 'for the ſtupid fellow of a coach-'man, he drives as if he was going 'to be hanged.' Then thruſting his head out of the window, he ſwore

ſwore heartily at the driver for not being more expeditious.

The young lady, quite tired of his impertinence, in hopes of putting a ſtop to it, turned to Benevolus, and enquired after the ſick man and his worthy friend.

'Aye, aye,' cried her troubleſome companion, interrupting her, 'you ſee his reverence has given 'his congregation the ſlip; I ſuppoſe his ſermon did not pleaſe 'them, or perhaps he found the 'pulpit too high for him. What 'a plaguy fuſs the other made 'about the parſon's riding on

'the outſide; gad it was the
'fitteſt place for him, in my opi-
'nion; I never want any parſons
'where I am—that is—none of the
'whining ones I mean;—ſome of
'them, indeed, are good honeſt
'fellows, and like their bottle and
'laſs too, as well as any of us;—
'but as for the religious ſort, they
'only ſpoil company, and are as
'much my averſion—

'As religion itſelf,' replied Benevolus; 'and for very obvious reaſons—the one would be a reſtraint upon your converſation—the other upon your actions.'

'You

'You are pretty right faith,' replied the Coxcomb, 'for I never 'could bear any reſtraint in my 'life—liberty and free-will is my 'creed—as to religion, I am con-'vinced it is nothing but prieſt-'craft; it may ſerve, indeed, to 'keep the vulgar in ſubjection—'but hang me if ever I ſubmit to 'be ſhackled by it.'

'If your actions correſpond with 'your principles, young man,' ſaid Benevolus, 'you may ſtand a 'chance to be worſe ſhackled.'

At that inſtant a poſt-chaiſe and four drove by, attended by ſeveral ſervants

ſervants on horſeback; one of them glancing his eye into the coach, gave a ſignal for the driver to ſtop: and coming cloſe up to it, accoſted the pretended gentleman, with an

'How now, George, where the 'plague are you going?'

'Why, to town to be ſure,' replied the other peeviſhly.

'What, you have left your old 'maſter then, I ſuppoſe? I heard 'you had given him warning, be-'cauſe he would not put you out of 'livery. How could you be ſuch 'a deviliſh fool, George? why,

'you'll

'you'll never get ſuch another
'place.'

The pencil of an Hogarth (had he ſtill exiſted) would not have been badly employed, in delineating the countenance of this pretty fellow, at ſo humiliating a diſcovery. Too much chagrined to make any reply, he bade the coachman drive on; and, to the great ſatisfaction of his fellow-travellers, never opened his lips during the remainder of the journey, although completely mortified, by a lecture from the elderly gentleman, on the ridiculous vanity of aping the vices and follies, rather than the virtues of his

his ſuperiors. From ſome diſcourſe which paſſed afterwards between the above gentleman (whoſe name was Stanley) and the female paſſenger, Benevolus diſcovered that ſhe was the daughter of one of his old college acquaintance, with whom he had ſpent many happy hours in the early part of his life.

After ſome friendly enquiries concerning herſelf and family, he learned that ſhe had been married three years, and was then returning from a viſit to her father; and that Mr. Stanley, who had eſcorted her on her journey, was a near relation of her huſband's. From a

half

half ſmothered ſigh, which accompanied that word, and the ſettled melancholy which overſpread her features, Benevolus feared ſhe was not happily married; nor was his ſuſpicions in the leaſt removed, by what paſſed on their arrival in town. When the coach ſtopped in Piccadilly, Mr. Stanley handed the lady out, and preſenting her to a gentleman who waited to receive them, ſaid—

'Well, nephew, I have brought 'your treaſure ſafe back.'

'What treaſure, Sir?' cried the the other.

'Your

'Your wife,' replied the old gentleman tartly, 'a treaſure which 'you never did, and I fear never 'will merit.'

The huſband, without replying, turned to the lady, and with more impatience than tenderneſs in his looks, 'enquired if ſhe had ſuc-'ceeded.'

On her anſwering in the affirmative, he aſked for what ſum.

'A thouſand,' ſhe replied.

'Only a thouſand,' ſaid he; 'if 'that is all you could do, Madam, 'you

'you might as well have ſtaid at 'home.'

Shocked at this unkind reception, the poor Lady could with difficulty refrain from tears.

Regardleſs of her emotion, he called a hackney-coach, and taking her roughly by the hand he led, or rather thruſt her into it.

Mr. Stanley bit his lips, and darted a ſevere look at his nephew.

Benevolus (who never witneſſed any diſtreſs in which he did not

ſympathiſe) felt himſelf more than commonly intereſted in the welfare of this apparently unhappy wife. At parting with Mr. Stanley he ſlipped a card into his hand, telling him he ſhould be happy if he would favour him with an interview as ſoon as convenient; then bowing reſpectfully to the lady he bent his ſteps towards home, ruminating on the occurrences of the morning, till his meditations were interrupted by a loud hubbub in the ſtreet, which proceeded from a croud on the oppoſite ſide of the way.

THE

THE JEW.

Look round how Providence beſtows alike
Sunſhine and rain, to bleſs the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faith;
And tho' by ſeveral names and titles worſhip'd,
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praiſe,
Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of all!

ROWE.

'PRAY what is the matter?' ſaid Benevolus to a man who was returning from the croud.

Before he could obtain an anſwer the throng gave way, and two men advanced who appeared to be helpers in a ſtable; between them was a Jew, whom they were forcibly dragging along by a halter, which they had fixed round his neck. The poor fellow begged very hard to be releaſed, but his ſupplicating looks and humble remonſtrances, ſerved only to excite laughter in his perſecutors, and the rabble who ſurrounded them.

Benevolus, ſuppoſing they were going to deliver him into the hands of juſtice, aſked what was his crime, but finding they could accuſe

cuſe him of nothing but being a Jew and a foreigner, he deſired to know why they dragged him along in that indecent and ſavage manner.

'For fun,' ſaid one of the fellows.

'And are you not aſhamed,' replied Benevolus,' to behave with 'ſuch brutality to a fellow-creature 'from whom you have received no 'injury?'

'A fellow-creature, ha! Why, 'don't you ſee he is a Jew?'

'And what are you pray?'

'What am I? Why, a Chriſtian, 'to be ſure.'

'That I deny,' ſaid Benevolus; 'to be a Chriſtian is to have hu- 'manity, charity, and a feeling 'heart; to love your neighbours 'as yourſelf; to ſhew compaſſion 'even to your moſt inveterate ene- 'mies; and to do unto all men as 'you would they ſhould do unto 'you—theſe are the dictates of 'Chriſtianity, to which I fear you 'are an utter ſtranger; and did not 'my pity for your ignorance get 'the better of my indignation at

'your

'your inhumanity, I ſhould cer-
'tainly be tempted to give you the
'moſt ſevere chaſtiſement; but I
'ſhall content myſelf with leaving
'you to that puniſhment, which
'there is no room to doubt of your
'bringing upon yourſelves very
'ſhortly, without a ſpeedy refor-
'mation in your manners.'

He then turned to the Jew, and aſſiſted him in diſengaging himſelf from his uncouth ornament, at the ſame time putting ſomething into his hand to comfort him after his fright. The ſcene was now intirely changed; the interference of one who had the appearance of a gen-

tleman,

tleman, operated very powerfully on the minds of the ſpectators, and thoſe very perſons, who, but a few minutes before, were diverting themſelves at the poor Jew's expence, now, with one voice, declared that he had been very ill uſed, and were as laviſh of their pity on him, as they were of their abuſe on his tormenters, who, after being ſeverely pelted, were glad to get away with whole bones.

THE

THE SUICIDE.

Haſt thou conſider'd what may happen after;
How thy account may ſtand, and what to
anſwer.

ROWE.

BENEVOLUS being ſomewhat indiſpoſed on the morning which ſucceeded his ſtage-coach adventures, he aroſe much later than uſual, and had not long quitted his chamber, when a ſervant announced Mr. Stanley.

'In

'In compliance with your re-
'queſt, Sir,' ſaid that gentleman,
'as he entered the room, 'I have
'done myſelf the honour to wait
'upon you.'

'The honour is mine, Sir,' re-
plied Benevolus, conducting him
to a chair.

When the firſt ceremonies were
over, and both the gentlemen
ſeated, the converſation turned up-
on what paſſed at their firſt meet-
ing.

'Pardon my curioſity,' ſaid Be-
nevolus, 'but from what I obſerved
'yeſter-

'yeſterday, I fear there is not a
'good harmony ſubſiſting between
'your nephew and the daughter
'of my friend.'

'It is impoſſible there ſhould,'
replied Mr. Stanley, 'between
'minds ſo diſſimilar as theirs. Mrs.
'Woodville is as much an orna-
'ment to one ſex, as her huſband
'is a diſgrace to the other. I know
'not which ſhe has the greateſt
'claim to—admiration or pity,
'ſince, notwithſtanding ſhe gave
'her hand more in obedience to the
'will of her father, than from any
'inclination of her own, her con-
'duct ſince that period has not

'only

'only been perfectly unexception-
'able, but highly meritorious;
'though not united to the man of
'her choice, ſhe has made one of
'the beſt of wives; I am ſorry to
'add, to one of the worſt of huſ-
'bands. They had not been united
'more than three months, when
'he totally neglected this amiable
'woman, and attached himſelf
'wholly to an abandoned proſti-
'tute, on whom he continued to
'laviſh both his time and fortune,
'till he detected her in an intimacy
'with his own ſervant. To con-
'ſole himſelf for this misfortune,
'he had recourſe to the bottle and
'the gaming table, which com-

'pleated

'pleated his ruin. As the ſon of
'a beloved ſiſter, and the huſband
'to a woman I greatly eſteem, I
'did every thing in my power to
'ſave him from deſtruction, but it
'was impoſſible; my purſe and my
'advice were equally thrown away
'upon him. In ſpight of all re-
'monſtrances, he perſevered in the
'ſame courſe of extravagance, till
'he had intirely diſſipated his own
'fortune, and as much of his wife's
'as was in his power to take, or
'her's to reſign; at length having
'contracted ſome debts of honour,
'as they are ſtiled, which he had
'not the means of diſcharging, he
'was compelled to give a bill of

'ſale on his houſe and furniture.
'In this dilemma he condeſcended
'to apply to his wife, and partly
'by perſuaſion, and partly by
'threats of deſtroying himſelf, pre-
'vailed on her to make application
'to her father; and the cool, or
'rather contemptuous reception
'ſhe met with on her return, which
'you, Sir, was a witneſs to, pro-
'ceeded from her not being able
'to procure any more than a thou-
'ſand pounds. To pacify this un-
'worthy huſband, ſhe conſented to
'make up the deficiency, by part-
'ing with her jewels, and every
'other valuable ſhe poſſeſſed. Sof-
'tened by ſuch unmerited kindneſs,

'Wood-

'Woodville deigned to expreſs
'ſome contrition for his paſt miſ-
'conduct, and ſolemnly proteſted
'that he would never touch ano-
'ther card while he lived. He
'then left us, to meet the perſon
'to whom he was indebted, pro-
'miſing to return as ſoon as the
'buſineſs was ſettled; but on this,
'as on moſt other occaſions, he
'forfeited his word. I ſtaid with
'Mrs. Woodville till twelve o'clock,
'and then left her in great anxiety,
'as ſhe began to be juſtly appre-
'henſive of her huſband's relapſing
'into his former follies—vices I
'ſhould rather have ſaid.'

Mr. Stanley having finiſhed his recital, Benevolus thanked him for the confidence he had repoſed in him, expreſſed an eager deſire of contributing to the welfare of this amiable and unfortunate wife, and hearing that Mr. Stanley was then going to viſit her, begged the favour of being permitted to accompany him; which being agreed to, after drinking a cup of chocolate, they ſet out on foot to Cavendiſh-ſquare.

Benevolus, though he poſſeſſed an unincumbered eſtate of two thouſand a year, kept no carriage; and but few ſervants; by diſpenſ-

ing

ing with theſe, and moſt other articles of luxury, he ſaved near three-fourths of his income.

With this the poor were cloath'd, the hungry fed.

POPE.

But as my readers are by this time ſomewhat acquainted with his character, they will, perhaps, think this digreſſion unneceſſary.

On the arrival of the two gentlemen at Mr. Woodville's, it was with infinite concern they heard that he had not been at home ſince the preceding evening. Mrs.

Woodville, though in a perturbed ſtate of mind, received them with affability and reſpect; her laſt night's apprehenſions were now greatly increaſed, which her friends uſed their utmoſt endeavours to diſſipate, though without effect. While they were engaged in this friendly employment, Woodville entered the room, but his appearance rather increaſed than diſpelled the fears of his wife; he ſpoke not a word, but threw himſelf into a chair, with a wildneſs and diſtraction in his countenance, that alarmed all preſent. Mrs. Woodville expecting every moment the confirmation of her fears, forbore

to aſk what ſhe dreaded to hear; and the ſame motive reſtraining Mr. Stanley, a general ſilence took place, till Woodville ſuddenly ſtarting from his chair, walked about the room in a frantic manner, one minute curſing his own folly, the next vehemently exclaiming againſt ſome perſons, with whom, apparently, he had paſſed the night. When this violence was ſomewhat abated, his uncle ventured to enquire the cauſe.

'I am ruined,' he replied, 'that 'is all.'

'By whom?'

By

'By villains—by packed cards 'and loaded dice.' He then confeſſed that not meeting with the perſon to whom he was indebted, he had been prevailed on once more to try his fortune; that after playing moſt part of the night unſucceſsfully, and loſing near half the money intended for the payment of his debt, he grew deſperate, ventured the remainder in a ſingle bet, and loſt it.

'Good heavens!' cried his wife, 'how prophetic were my fears!— 'O Mr. Woodville, is this your 'boaſted reſolution: laſt night you 'aſſured me that no temptation 'ſhould

'ſhould ever again make you a
'partaker in that deſtructive a-
'muſement.'

'Spare your reproaches, Ma-
'dam,' ſaid he, 'they are now uſe-
'leſs; I own the juſtice of them;
'but be aſſured, it is the laſt time
'you ſhall have either cauſe or op-
'portunity to upbraid me; every
'thing will be ſettled before night.'

'How,' cried the lady, her countenance ſomewhat brighter, 'have you then any hopes of ex-
'tricating yourſelf from your pre-
'ſent difficulties?'

'I have.'

'I have.'

'By what means?'

'By a bullet,' he replied, and inſtantly darted out of the room.

Benevolus, as quick as thought, followed him to his chamber, and ſeized his arm juſt as he was raiſing the piſtol to his head, 'Hold, raſh 'man,' he cried, endeavouring to diſarm him. But Woodville, by a ſuperiority of ſtrength, which was the effect of deſpair, eluded the attempt, and ſtill graſping the fatal inſtrument of death, directed it towards his heart, but in the ſtruggle miſſed

miſſed his aim, and the ball went through his arm, only graſing on the bone.

At that moment Mrs. Woodville, ſupported by Mr. Stanley, entered the room; her ſcreams with the report of the piſtol, brought up the ſervants, one of whom was immediately diſpatched for a ſurgeon.

Woodville, enraged at finding that he had not effected his purpoſe, darted an angry look at Benevolus, whoſe efforts to aſſiſt him he rejected with diſdain; aſking him—'by what right he preſumed to 'controul his actions?'

'By

'By that right,' he replied, 'that 'every man has, to prevent mur- 'der.'

'You are very officious;—but 'pray, Sir, how came you here? 'Who are you?'

'Your friend,' replied Benevolus, 'had you ſuffered me to prove my- 'ſelf ſuch.'

'Friend,' repeated Woodville ſcornfully; 'I diſclaim ſuch friend- 'ſhip;—no man is my friend who 'prevents me from throwing off a 'burden, which is become inſup- 'portable.

'If

'If you, by your own miſcon-
'duct,' replied Benevolus, 'have
'converted that into a burden
'which was given as a bleſſing, you
'have a right to bear it patiently,
'but none to lay it down.'

'That I deny,' cried Woodville,
'every man has a right to quit life
'when weary of it.'

Benevolus thinking it an impro-
per time for expoſtulation, made
no reply, but turning from him,
directed his attention to the lady,
and endeavoured to leſſen her im-
patience for the arrival of the ſur-
geon, who in a ſhort ſpace of time

made his appearance; but on his approaching Woodville, the latter obſtinately refuſed to receive any aſſiſtance from him, and exerted all his little remaining ſtrength to oppoſe the dreſſing of his wound; till faint with loſs of blood, and his ſpirits quite exhauſted, he was compelled to ſubmit.

The ſurgeon, who had no other apprehenſions of danger than what aroſe from the violent diſpoſition of the patient, deſired he might be kept quiet, and every poſſible method taken to bring his mind into a more tranquil ſtate. But theſe prudent precautions, though ſtrictly attended

attended to, proved wholly ineffectual. The great agitation of his ſpirits brought on a fever, which hourly increaſing, bid defiance to the power of medicine, and in little more than a week put a period to his exiſtence. During the intermediate ſpace of time he experienced the moſt unremitting care and attention from his amiable wife, who ſeldom quitted his chamber. He was ſome time delirious, but in his intervals of reaſon appeared to be ſenſibly affected by ſuch unmerited tenderneſs, and expreſſed great compunction for his paſt ill treatment of her, particularly the laſt act of folly, by which

ſhe would ſhortly be deprived of a habitation; this reflection ſeemed to give him inexpreſſible concern, till Benevolus, who daily accompanied Mr. Stanley in his viſits, approached the bed and relieved his anxiety, by aſſuring him that he had ſecured the houſe and furniture to Mrs. Woodville, having prevailed on his creditor to relinquiſh his claim for one thouſand pounds, which he had paid him.

Such unlooked-for generoſity brought tears of gratitude into the eyes of all preſent, even thoſe of Woodville not excepted.

Encou-

Encouraged by this favourable omen, Benevolus took the firſt opportunity of changing the diſcourſe to a more important ſubject, that of futurity; and after expatiating on the eternity of happineſs or miſery, we are taught to expect in another world, he moſt earneſtly beſought the unhappy man to reflect on the errors of his paſt life, and endeavour to prepare himſelf for the account which he muſt ſhortly give before that awful tribunal, from which there is no appeal.

'Is it poſſible,' cried Woodville, ſtretching out his hand, and eagerly graſping that of his friendly

monitor, 'is it poſſible you can 'have the goodneſs to intereſt your- 'ſelf in the fate of ſuch a wretch 'as I am? This concern for one ſo 'unworthy of it, is indeed a proof 'that you are as much an honour 'as I have been a diſgrace to ſo- 'ciety. In the moments of phren- 'ſy I conſidered you as my greateſt 'enemy, but am now convinced 'you were my beſt friend; ſince 'by your means I have an oppor- 'tunity of imploring the mercy of 'that gracious Being, whoſe boun- 'ties I have ſo much abuſed.'

Here he pauſed for a moment, then ſuddenly exclaimed—'Mercy 'did

'did I ſay?—Oh! no—that is im-
'poſſible!—I dare not preſume to
'plead for mercy—I have no pre-
'tenſions to it—I have ſinned
'away all hopes of pardon!'

Benevolus, whoſe faith and charity equally forbade him to deny the poſſibility of a deāth-bed repentance, uſed his utmoſt endeavours to comfort and encourage the deſpairing Woodville, leaving nothing unſaid that could impreſs his mind with an idea of divine placability; and, at his next viſit, brought with him the worthy clergyman mentioned in a former chapter.

Few

Few perſons were better qualified for ſuch an employment than this excellent divine; the buſineſs of whoſe life it had ever been, to diſcourage vice, and promote virtue, by a juſt diſplay of the divine attributes; to the bold and obdurate ſinner, he enlarged on the juſtice; to the humble and deſponding one, on the mercy of the Deity, that the former might not preſume, nor the latter deſpair.

Animated with the hopes of adding one to the number of thoſe, over whom (our Redeemer has ſaid) there is joy in heaven, he exerted himſelf in a manner that did

did honour to his profeſſion, and had the ſatisfaction of finding his endeavours crowned with ſucceſs, by the entire converſion of the once profligate Woodville. The zeal of the preacher, could only be equalled by the ſincere contrition of his proſelyte, who, at the expiration of three days, reſigned his being, his laſt breath expiring in a prayer.

Let none preſume to ſet bounds to the mercy of the Deity, by deeming ſuch a repentance unavailable, but rather let us endeavour

With true philanthropy, to ſhew mankind
That mercy which ourſelves expect to find;
All perſecution, bigotry and pride,
The holy Founder of our faith denied;
His life and doctrine this aſſurance gave
The humble ſinner, from deſpair to ſave,
That penitence ſincere ſhould never fail,
Tho' Juſtice holds, 'tis Mercy turns the ſcale.

THE

THE DUELIST.

Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadful day,
How you will tremble, there to ſtand expos'd
The foremoſt in the rank of guilty ghoſts,
That muſt be doom'd for murder—think on murder.

DRYDEN.

MORE partial to the drama than any other public amuſement, Benevolus frequently ſpent a few hours at the theatre; chance had, one evening, placed him in the ſame box with a frail female, who practiced

ticed every art peculiar to her profeſſion, to draw his attention from the performers, and fix it on herſelf; but finding all her endeavours for that purpoſe ineffectual, ſhe withdrew before the play was quite over. Soon after her quitting the box, Benevolus perceived that ſhe had dropped a letter; as it was too late to reſtore it, and the direction was torn off, he put it in his pocket, and after his return home, read the contents, which were as follows:

"Wiſh me joy, Kitty, of my ſucceſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to effect a breach between Townly and

and Wellford. I have at laſt ſucceeded, by pretending that the latter had made propoſals of taking me into keeping. My fond fool, diſtracted with jealouſy, has ſent a challenge to his friend, and they are to meet to-morrow morning in Hyde Park.—O how I enjoy the thoughts of having a duel fought for me: but this is not all, I ſhall now be revenged on Wellford for neglecting the advances I have ſo long made him. It is true, I ſhall ſtand a chance of loſing my lover, but that will not give me the leaſt concern, as his fortune (the only thing belonging to him, which I have any value for) is in a very de-

clining ſtate. As men keep us only for their pleaſure, they have no right to complain, if we grow weary of them when they can no longer contribute to ours. I ſuppoſe you are going to the play—if you meet with no engagement, ſhall be glad if you will call upon me on your return.

"Adieu."

Shocked at the peruſal of this epiſtle, Benevolus continued ſome minutes deliberating what uſe he ſhould make of it; as he had no other knowledge of the two gentlemen mentioned in it, than by occaſionally meeting at the coffee-houſe,

houſe his interfering might give offence, yet the deſire of doing good overpowered every other conſideration; and finding by the date of the letter that it was not too late to prevent miſchief, he went directly to Mr. Townly's lodgings, had the ſatisfaction of hearing he was at home, and was immediately introduced, after ſome apologies on the part of Benevolus, for intruding at ſo late an hour.

Mr. Townly begged him to be ſeated, and the following dialogue took place:

Townly.—Give me leave to aſk, Sir, to what accident I am indebted for the honour of this viſit?

Benevolus.—To a very diſagreeable one, Sir; your intended duel with your friend.

Townly.—How, Sir, you amaze me!—Is it poſſible Mr. Wellford ſhould be ſo imprudent to make the affair public?—But I beg pardon, perhaps you are to be his ſecond.

Benevolus.—Heaven forbid, that I ſhould ever countenance ſo ſavage a practice!—No, Sir, the purport of

of my viſit is not to encourage, but prevent a duel.

Townly.—As I reſpect your character, Sir, I am ſorry you have engaged in a buſineſs in which it is impoſſible you ſhould ſucceed.

Benevolus.—I hope otherwiſe, Sir; if you are not totally deaf to reaſon, but will permit me to ſpeak freely on the ſubject, I flatter myſelf that, before we part, I ſhall be able to convince you of your error.

Townly.—Excuſe me, Sir, I have no need of a monitor; the affront

I have received is an unpardonable one, and not to reſent it I muſt want the ſpirit of a man. Should fortune be on my ſide, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of puniſhing deceit and perfidy—if ſhe frowns on me, and I am doomed to fall in the encounter, why be it ſo—if I muſt die, I am determined to die like a man of honour!

Benevolus.—To do that, Sir,—it is neceſſary you ſhould have lived like one—Don't frown, young gentleman, I ſpeak as a friend—honour, according to the modern acceptation of the word, is a mere phantom; nor can I ever think, that

that a man's venturing his life in a duel, is any more proof of his honour, than his punctuality in paying his gaming debts, is of his honeſty.

Townly.—You are ſatyrical, Sir, but I ſhall not attempt to controvert your opinion, though my preſent ſituation will not permit me to adopt it; I have gone too far in this buſineſs to recede, without ſubjecting myſelf to the ridicule and contempt of the world; and I am not ſo partial to exiſtence as to think it worth preſerving, at the expence of my reputation.

Benevolus.

Benevolus.—But remember, Sir, that life is a poſſeſſion you are not authorized to diſpoſe of; ſtill leſs right have you to aſſume a power over the life of another. You will perhaps plead cuſtom in ſupport of your ſyſtem; yet give me leave to tell you, Sir, this is a very poor excuſe for inſulting your Maker, by uſurping the divine prerogative, and bidding defiance to the laws both of God and your country; for however favourably the faſhionable world may be inclined to judge of the Dueliſt, in the eye of reaſon he muſt ever appear as a murderer.

Townly.

Townly.—You are too ſevere, Sir; but on this occaſion you muſt allow me to judge for myſelf.

Benevolus.—That is what the wiſeſt of us are not at all times capable of; but you ſeem to expreſs a great indifference to life. Was this the effect of religion or philoſophy, it would excite my admiration; yet with all our boaſted fortitude, when called to the trial, believe me, Sir, we ſhall find it a ſerious thing to die;—nothing but a life of rectitude can diſarm the gloomy monarch of his terrors.—Think then, what agonizing reflections muſt embitter the laſt moments

ments of him who falls by the ſword of an injured friend; to be cut off in the zenith of your folly—ſent unprepared to your laſt account.—Dreadful idea!—yet who can repent of a crime which he dies in the commiſſion of. If theſe conſiderations have no weight with you, remember that the object of your vengeance, is your companion and intimate friend.

Townly.—Such he once was—but of that no more—he has forfeited that title, by endeavouring to ſupplant me in the affections of the woman I adore.

Benevolus.

Benevolus.—Gracious Heaven! is it poſſible you can be ſo infatuated—to riſk your own life, the life of your friend, and hazard the eternal ſalvation of both, to gratify the malice of a revengeful and ſelfiſh proſtitute?

Townly.—Hold, Sir; this is too much—dare not to make uſe of ſuch epithets, in ſpeaking of the moſt engaging of her ſex.

'Say rather, the moſt artful,' replied Benevolus; 'to prove this 'I have a powerful argument in 'ſtore, (taking out the letter) and 'I hope it will prove an effectual 'one:

'one: read that, Sir, and confeſs 'I have done the lady juſtice.'

Alarmed at the ſight of a female hand, Townly changed countenance, and run over the letter with an eagerneſs, that viſibly agitaged his whole frame; yet as if doubtful of the reality of his own ſenſes, he read it ſeveral times, till rage, ſhame, and vexation ſeemed to have taken the full poſſeſſion of his mind, and for ſome moments he was unable to utter a ſingle word; at length, tearing the letter with great vehemence, he exclaimed—'Infamous ſtrumpet!—'How have I been deceived!—I

flattered

'flattered myſelf that I was the ſole
'poſſeſſor both of her heart and
'perſon—curſed infatuation!'

Then turning to Benevolus, in a milder tone he ſaid, 'Pardon,
'my dear Sir, the violence of a
'madman, for as ſuch you will un-
'doubtedly conſider me; but do
'not imagine that I am ſo entirely
'bereft of reaſon as to be inſenſible
'of the obligations I am under to
'you for this timely diſcovery,
'though the preſent confuſion of
'my mind will not permit me to
'thank you as I ought.'

Benevolus begg'd he would ſpare his acknowledgments, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction at being inſtrumental in preventing the fatal conſequences of an illicit attachment. He then informed him by what means the letter came into his poſſeſſion.

'Sdeath,' cried Townly, 'what 'a dupe have I been to that worth-'leſs woman!—how have I ſacri-'ficed both my time and fortune! '—for her I have declined enter-'ing into any honourable engage-'ment!—for her I have neglected 'every moral duty!—and for her 'I ſhould have ſtained my ſword 'with

'with the blood of my friend—
'had not you, Sir, like a Guar-
'dian Angel, ſtood forth and
'ſnatch'd me from perdition!—
'I ſhudder at the retroſpect of my
'folly; but how can I call it by ſo
'mild a name? or how ſhall I dare
'to face my injured friend?—All
'my hopes, Sir, muſt reſt on you;
'as you have begun a good work,
'I hope you will complete it, by
'endeavouring to effect a reconci-
'liation.'

'This is a taſk,' replied Bene-
volus, 'which I ſhall undertake
'with the greateſt pleaſure.'

At that inſtant the door opened, and Mr. Wellford entered the room. He had ſpent the day out of town, and did not return till near eleven at night, when his ſervant putting a letter into his hand, told him it was brought by Mr. Townly's footman, who had called ſeveral times ſince, to know if he was come home. Alarmed at this intelligence, though far from expecting a challenge, he eagerly tore open the letter, and read the contents, with a mixture of ſurprize, concern, and reſentment.

Mr. Wellford was by no means wanting in true courage; but though

though always ready to venture his life in a good cauſe, he was not ſufficiently weary of it to throw it away in a bad one.

Too much diſturbed to think of going to reſt, and too impatient for an eclairciſſement, to wait till the time appointed for their meeting on hoſtile terms, he hurried to Townly's lodgings, determined, if poſſible, to learn the motives of a conduct ſo inconſiſtent with the friendly intimacy that had for ſome years ſubſiſted between them.

Diſconcerted at ſeeing a ſtranger he drew back, at a loſs how he

ſhould act; but Benevolus perceiving his embarraſſment, and willing to relieve him from it ſaid, with a ſmile,—

'You are come very opportunely, Sir; and are the perſon whom, of all others, I moſt wanted to ſee, as I have juſt undertaken to plead the cauſe of a penitent offender.'

He then proceeded to relate the occurrences of the evening, dwelt chiefly on the ſelf-conviction of Mr. Townly, and concluded with expreſſing a wiſh, that what

what had paſſed might be intirely buried in oblivion.

'May every wiſh of your heart 'be as fully accompliſhed as this,' replied Wellford, with a reſpectful bow.

The gloom which had overſpread this gentleman's countenance was now intirely diſperſed, and pity began to take place of reſentment in his boſom.

Townly (who from the firſt entrance of his friend, had ſtood almoſt as motionleſs as a ſtatue, with his eyes fixed on the ground) now ventured

ventured to look up, and advancing to Wellford, who received him with open arms, he exclaimed—'Oh, George! what a contemptible wretch muſt I appear:—How totally unworthy 'of your eſteem!—By heaven I 'ſhall never forgive myſelf!'

'Why then, my dear Charles,' replied Wellford, 'I ſhall certainly have more charity for 'you, than you have for yourſelf, 'ſince I not only ſincerely forgive 'you, but rejoice at an accident 'that has freed you from the ſnares 'of an artful and abandoned woman: but this is an ungrateful 'theme;

'theme; let us therefore endea-
'vour to avoid it for the future.'

A perfect reconciliation now took place, and the two gentlemen ſeemed to vie with each other in expreſſing the moſt grateful ſenſe of their obligations to Benevolus; who, recollecting that it was paſt midnight, took his leave, and returned home, with that heart-felt ſatisfaction, which an opportunity of doing good muſt ever give to a benevolent mind.

The next morning Townly wrote a very laconic billet to the lady, to inform her that he had intirely diſcarded

carded her; and a few minutes after the perufal of it, ſhe had the additional mortification of ſeeing the two friends paſs her houſe in perfect harmony with each other.

THE

THE PROSTITUTE.

Mark by what partial juſtice we are judg'd.

Such is the fate, unhappy women find,
And ſuch the curſe entail'd upon our kind;
That man, the lawleſs libertine, may rove
Free, and unqueſtion'd thro' the wilds of love;
While woman, ſenſe and nature's eaſy fool;
If poor weak woman ſwerve from virtue's rule,
If ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe leave the thorny way,
And in the ſofter paths of pleaſure ſtray,
Ruin enſues, reproach and endleſs ſhame,
And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears her loſs ſhe may deplore;
In vain look back to what ſhe was before:
She ſets like ſtars that fall—to riſe no more.

ROWE.

'GRACI-

'GRACIOUS heaven! when 'will the meaſure of my woes be 'full?—When ſhall I cloſe theſe 'wretched eyes in peace.'

Theſe words (uttered in a female voice, and followed by a deep ſigh) reached the ears of Benevolus as he was returning home one night, between the hours of eleven and twelve; the darkneſs of the night prevented him at firſt from knowing whence the voice proceeded, till at length, by the light of a lamp, he diſcovered a young woman ſitting on the ſteps of a door, with her head reclined againſt the rails.

On

On his advancing towards her, ſhe aroſe up, and ſeemed deſirous of avoiding him.

'Be not alarmed,' he ſaid, 'I 'mean not to offer you any inſult, 'but as you will be danger of meet-'ing with it from others, by con-'tinuing in the ſtreet at ſo late an 'hour, I think you had better go 'home.'

'Alas, Sir!' ſhe replied, 'I have 'no home; I am a wretched out-'caſt, without friends, without ha-'bitation, and without the means 'of procuring a morſel of food,

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'which I have not taſted ſince yeſ-
'terday morning.'

At that inſtant a watchman coming up to them, thruſt his lanthorn in her face, ſaying, in a ſurly tone—'Come, come, let's have 'none of your whining here:— 'What, you want to pick the gen-'tleman's pocket, I ſuppoſe, but 'I'll take care to prevent that;— 'I'll provide a lodging for you— 'come along, Madam, you ſhall 'go to the watch-houſe.'

At the concluſion of this ſpeech, he ſeized her roughly by the arm, and finding the poor creature unable

able to make any reſiſtance, was proceeding to put his threats in execution, when Benevolus (provoked at his brutality) reſcued her from his graſp, and after a ſevere reprimand, admoniſhed him to perform the duties of his office in future with a little more humanity; then taking the young woman gently by the arm (his houſe being but a few paces diſtant) he conducted her thither, and ordered her ſome re freſhment. The eagerneſs with which ſhe devoured what was ſet before her, left no room to doubt of her long abſtinence. Having ſatisfied the call of hunger, ſhe aroſe from her chair, and throw-

ing herſelf at the feet of her benefactor, burſt into tears. Benevolus having, with ſome difficulty, prevailed on her to quit this humble poſture, begged ſhe would endeavour to compoſe her agitated ſpirits, aſſuring her that nothing on his part ſhould be wanting to alleviate her diſtreſs.

'This goodneſs,' ſhe replied, 'even while it excites my gratitude 'overwhelms me with confuſion, 'from a conſciouſneſs of my own 'unworthineſs. Do not then, I 'beſeech you, Sir, degrade your-'ſelf, by treating with ſuch reſpect 'one who has ſo little claim to it.'

Here

Here ſhe heſitated for a moment, and then proceeded:—

'Painful as the taſk is which I 'have impoſed upon myſelf, that 'of divulging my own ſhame, I 'am determined to ſubmit to it ra-'ther than deceive you by aſſuming 'an appearance of innocence, to 'which I have no pretenſions.— 'Know then, Sir, you ſee before 'you one of thoſe wretched beings 'who, by yielding to a licentious 'paſſion, bring diſgrace on their 'families, and reproach and miſery 'on themſelves; for ſuch is the 'prevalence of cuſtom, that a de-'viation from virtue, which re-

'flects not the leaſt diſhonour on
'one ſex, renders the other con-
'temptible even in the eyes of
'thoſe who are the partners of
'their guilt; I do not mean to pal-
'liate my own crime by throwing
'the blame on my ſeducer; the
'value which our ſex is taught to
'ſet upon chaſtity, leaves us inex-
'cuſable for the breach of it; ſuch
'confeſs myſelf, ſince I owe my
'ruin to the folly of encouraging
'the addreſſes of one whoſe ſupe-
'riority of fortune gave me but
'little reaſon to ſuppoſe his inten-
'tions honourable; but love, the
'ruling paſſion of my ſoul, left no
'room for the exerciſe of reaſon or
'prudence.

'prudence. In defiance to paternal
'prohibition I continued to correſ-
'pond with my lover, and was
'at length prevailed on to leave
'home, and reſign myſelf to the
'protection of one whoſe only aim
'was to gratify a ſenſual paſſion.
'Of this I was fatally convinced in
'a few days after my elopement;
'but to whom could I complain?
'or how upbraid another for rob-
'bing me of that which I had ta-
'ken ſo little pains to preſerve?—
'Tis true my ſeducer had pro-
'miſed marriage; but when I urged
'him to the performance of it, he
'replied, with a look of the moſt
'cutting indifference, that he ne-

'ver

'ver had any ſuch intentions, and
'was aſtoniſhed that I ſhould ex-
'pect he would truſt his honour to
'the keeping of one who had
'ſhewn ſo little regard to her own.
'All my golden dreams of love
'and pleaſure were now at an end;
'in leſs than a month I was wholly
'abandoned by my lover, and told
'by the woman with whom he left
'me, that I muſt conſent to receive
'others, or quit her houſe imme-
'diately. I was too much ſhocked
'at this propoſal to be able to re-
'ply for ſome minutes; but when
'I had recovered the uſe of my
'ſpeech, I begged ſhe would grant
'me a few days to conſider in

'what

'what manner I ſhould diſpoſe of
'myſelf. This ſhe abſolutely re-
'fuſed; in vain I knelt, wept and
'intreated; ſhe remained inexor-
'able, proteſting that if I refuſed
'to comply, I ſhould turn into
'the ſtreet that inſtant. Aſhamed
'to return to my offended parents,
'without a friend to adviſe or aſſiſt
'me, and without any means of
'ſubſiſtence, I had not the forti-
'tude to reject her propoſal. With
'ſhame and remorſe I now confeſs
'that, to avoid want, I ſubmitted
'to proſtitution, and launched at
'once into a life of wretchedneſs
'and infamy; it is impoſſible to
'deſcribe the miſery I endured in
'this

'this ſituation. Compelled to adorn
'my perſon, and practiſe every
'alluring art to pleaſe men, at
'whoſe approach I ſometimes ſhud-
'dered with horror. Theſe ſenſa-
'tions, which it was not always in
'my power to conceal, created a
'diſguſt in thoſe to whom I was
'expected to give pleaſure, and
'drew upon me the indignation of
'the vile woman who was ſup-
'ported in luxury by the wages of
'proſtitution. Provoked at the
'reluctance with which I ſub-
'mitted to her iniquitous com-
'mands, ſhe renewed her threats
'of turning me out of doors;
'but as the wretchedneſs of my
'ſituation

'ſituation had left me nothing to
'fear, I heard her menaces with
'contempt; and yeſterday even-
'ing, after being ſtripped of every
'thing that was valuable, was
'turned into the ſtreet without a
'halfpenny in my pocket. I ſhel-
'tered myſelf till daylight in an
'obſcure covered paſſage, and then
'walked about the greateſt part of
'the day in ſtreets that were the
'leaſt frequented, for fear of meet-
'ing with any perſon who knew
'me. The ſame motive prevented
'me from aſking relief. Worn out
'at laſt with hunger and fatigue,
'I was almoſt tempted to put an
'end to my exiſtence, but Provi-
'dence

'dence graciouſly interfered, and
'by ſending you to my aſſiſtance,
'prevented me from adding to my
'guilt, by ſuicide. This, Sir, is
'my wretched ſtory, in which I
'have not endeavoured to vindi-
'cate myſelf; ſuch an attempt
'would be but a poor proof of my
'penitence, and it is from the ſin-
'cerity of that only, I can hope
'for your pity, or the forgiveneſs
'of my parents, to whom, if you
'will have the goodneſs to plead
'my cauſe, it ſhall be the ſtudy of
'my future life to prove myſelf not
'wholly unworthy of your com-
'paſſion.'

Benevolus,

Benevolus, greatly affected by her diſtreſs, and at the ſame time pleaſed with her candour, repeated his promiſes of protection and aſſiſtance, and then left her to the care of a female ſervant.

The next morning, in compliance with her requeſt, he paid a viſit to her father, who was a reputable tradeſman at the Weſt-end of the town. Benevolus begged the favour of ſpeaking to him without witneſſes—which being complied with, he ſaid,—

'I have taken the liberty to wait 'on you, Sir, in behalf of a peni-

'tent ſufferer—you ſeem ſurprized,
'but I will not keep you in ſuſ-
'pence—you have a daughter.'

'I once had one, Sir, but ſhe has
'forfeited that title; and as I am
'determined never to liſten to any
'thing that can be urged in her
'behalf, you muſt excuſe me, Sir,
'if I wiſh you a good morning.'

'Hold, Sir,' cried Benevolus, ſtepping between him and the door, 'we muſt not part ſo;—I cannot 'think of leaving you, till you 'have heard what I have to ſay.'

Having

Having with ſome difficulty prevailed on him to reſume his ſeat, he related what had paſſed the preceding night, in as favourable a manner as the circumſtance would admit, and concluded with aſſuring him, that he believed his daughter moſt ſincerely repented of her paſt errors.

'Her repentance,' replied the father, 'comes to late; it cannot 'reſtore her loſt virtue and reputa-'tion; penitence, to be ſincere, 'muſt be voluntary, which her's is 'not:—Had ſhe not been aban-'doned by the villain who ſeduced 'her, ſhe would not have thought

'of ſeeking a reconciliation with 'her parents.'

'This is judging too harſhly,' ſaid Benevolus; 'but even ſup-'poſing it were ſo, remember ſhe 'is ſtill your child.'

'I can no longer conſider her 'as ſuch, but rather as the deſtroyer 'of my peace, and the peace of 'the beſt of mothers: the tender-'neſs with which ſhe had always 'been treated, makes her crime 'inexcuſable.'

'The greater her crime, the 'greater will be your merit in for-'giving

'giving her; you ſhould remember
'too, that ſhe has already ſuffered
'pretty ſeverely for her paſt folly.'

'As her ſufferings,' replied the father, 'are the conſequence of 'her guilt, ſhe has no right to 'complain.—What has not her 'mother and myſelf ſuffered on her 'account? It is but juſt ſhe ſhould 'be a partaker in that miſery which 'ſhe has brought on others; preſs 'me therefore no farther on this 'ſubject, I beſeech you, Sir—I can-'not—no, I never will forgive her.'

'How, Sir,' cried Benevolus, 'do you call yourſelf a Chriſtian?'

'I do.'

'And you ſometimes go to 'church, I preſume?'

'Certainly.'

'And you pray to have your 'treſpaſſes forgiven, on condition 'of forgiving thoſe who have treſ-'paſſed againſt you? How can 'you preſume to aſk of your hea-'venly Father that pardon, which 'you, as an earthly one, refuſe to 'grant to your own child?'

Theſe words, uttered with great energy, and accompanied by an expreſſive

expreſſive look, ſtaggered his reſolution; he roſe from his ſeat, drew out his handkerchief, and walked about in great agitation. His wife, who had overheard what paſſed from an adjoining apartment, (now entering the room) compleated the work which Benevolus had begun.

The offended, and ſeemingly obdurate father, unable to withſtand the tears and intreaties of a beloved wife, at length conſented to receive his fugitive daughter, on condition that ſhe ſubmitted to be ſecluded from the world, till by the regularity of her conduct, ſhe had

proved

proved the ſincerity of her repentance, and rendered herſelf in ſome degree worthy of being reſtored to the favour of her parents.

Benevolus, ſatisfied with his ſucceſs, and impatient to relieve the object of his pity from the torment of ſuſpence, haſtened to acquaint her with the terms on which ſhe might hope for pardon. She liſtened to him with tears of joy and gratitude, declaring herſelf ready to ſubmit to any penance, however ſevere, which her parents ſhould think proper to enjoin. Benevolus then ordered a coach, and conducted her home, where ſhe

ſhe was received by her father, without upbraidings; by her mother, with every mark of maternal tenderneſs. The interview was affecting beyond deſcription. In vain did the fond parent (while hanging over her kneeling child) endeavour to pronounce that pardon which was implored, not by words, but by a look of more expreſſion than the moſt eloquent language. Thus, incapable of giving utterance to their feelings, they continued for ſome minutes to mingle their tears in ſilence; at length the firſt emotions giving way to thoſe of gratitude, each graſped the hand of Benevolus, and preſſing it to

their

their lips, burſt into the warmeſt encomiums on the goodneſs of his heart. But as nothing could be more irkſome to our Philanthropiſt, than liſtening to his own praiſes, he ſeized the firſt opportunity of taking his leave. Happy in making others ſo, he ſincerely thanked Providence for making him inſtrumental in ſnatching a fellow-creature from the paths of vice and miſery.

THE

THE POET.

Why did I write—What ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents' or my own?

POPE.

RETURNING from a walk, in which he had met with no opportunity of diſplaying his philanthropy, Benevolus ſtepped into a bookſeller's ſhop. While he was chooſing ſome books, a young man, who looked as if he had ſeen more proſperous days, entered the ſhop,

ſhop, and addreſſing himſelf to the maſter of it, aſked him if he had peruſed his manuſcript.

'Why yes,' replied he, 'I have 'look'd ſlightly over it.'

'And how do you approve of 'it, Sir?'

'Why I can't ſay much as to 'that, for as I never rely on my 'own judgment in theſe matters, I 'have ſubmitted it to the peruſal 'of a friend, who has not yet re-'turned it; but if you wiſh to have 'it publiſhed, I am willing to riſk 'the paper and printing, without

'paying

'paying any thing for the copy-
'right till I have ſold five hundred
'ſets; when that number is diſ-
'poſed of I will give you ten gui-
'neas.'

'Ten guineas did you ſay, Sir,
'when you have ſold five hundred
'copies?—Is it poſſible you can be
'ſerious in making me ſuch an
'offer?'

'Certainly I am,' replied the Bookſeller, 'but if you don't chuſe
'to accept it, favour me with your
'addreſs, and I'll ſend your manu-
'ſcript either this evening or to-
'morrow morning."

The young man, apparently chagrined at ſo illiberal a propoſal, took out his pocket-book, and throwing a card on the counter, hurried out of the ſhop. From the extreme dejection of this diſappointed author, Benevolus was perſuaded that he did not write merely for fame; the idea that he laboured under misfortunes, was accompanied by the deſire of alleviating them, and glancing his eye on the direction, he determined to viſit him; if diſtreſſed, to relieve his preſent wants; if deſerving, to provide againſt future.

A par-

A particular engagement for the remainder of the day obliged him to poſtpone his intended viſit till the next morning, when having found the ſtranger's abode, he was received with great civility by the miſtreſs of the houſe; who, after informing him that Mr. —— was not at home, requeſted him to walk in and wait his return, which ſhe expected very ſhortly.

Benevolus accepting the invitation, was conducted into a ſmall decent apartment, and there left to amuſe himſelf with the literary productions of its owner, ſeveral of which lay on the table; among

the reſt the following unfiniſhed Poem:

Once more t' invoke your aid you friendly Nine,
An humble votary bends before your ſhrine;
From your Parnaſſian height a-while deſcend,
And kindly deign my efforts to befriend;
By you inſpir'd, O let my pen impart
Home-felt conviction to the guilty heart,
And warn mankind thoſe vicious deeds to ſhun,
Which ſullied the great name of Jeſſe's ſon,
Whoſe piety with equal luſtre ſhone
When tending on his flock, or on a throne!
His humble virtues were by all belov'd,
By his Creator favour'd and approv'd!—
Till fair Bathſheba his affections gain'd,
Then black ingratitude his boſom ſtain'd;
His fatal paſſion for the beauteous dame
Tarniſh'd the luſtre of his former fame,

Obſcur'd

Obſcur'd the glories of his happy reign,
And render'd all his princely virtues vain.
The Almighty, who with high diſpleaſure ſaw
Such violation of his ſacred law,
His faithful ſervant holy Nathan choſe,
His juſt, but wrathful mandate to diſcloſe;
Bade him before the offending King appear,
And rouſe him to a ſenſe of ſhame and fear;
With ſharp reproof his preſent joys controul,
Awake ſome pangs of conſcience in his ſoul.
The Seer, obedient to the great command,
Purſu'd his journey to Judea's land;
Charg'd with the high beheſt, to Bethlem went,
And met the Monarch in the royal tent;
Then aweful thus began—' Great Sire attend,
'Tis yours an injur'd ſubject to defend,
To ſuccour the oppreſs'd throughout the land,
And let the oppreſſor feel your vengeful hand;
In ſuch a cauſe your aid I now require,—
Let juſtice and compaſſion both conſpire

To right a man by ſavage pow'r depreſs'd—
One, who no envy harbours in his breaſt;
His neighbours' riches ne'er diſturb his peace,
Nor raiſe a wiſh to ſee their wealth decreaſe!
Small his poſſeſſions, yet he aſk'd no more,
One little lamb was all his worldly ſtore,
Who round his children did its gambols play,
Partook their hut by night, their food by day;
The little wanton, they well pleas'd attend,
When night approaching bade their labours end.
Near to the humble cot a rich man dwelt,
Who never yet for others woes had felt;
Of numerous bleating flocks and herds poſſeſs'd,
In every earthly good ſupremely bleſs'd—
Save that choice gift—a ſympathiſing heart!—
Which in the ſtranger's ſorrow bears a part.
To aſk refreſhment from his plenteous ſtore,
A weary traveller approach'd his door;
Lur'd by the proſpect of the fair abode,
Which cheer'd his drooping ſpirits on the road:

The

The wealthy man, to avarice a ſlave,
His humble gueſt a cool reception gave;
Tho' pride forbade his ſuccour to deny,
His fondid ſoul unwilling to comply,
Without the leaſt remorſe he ſeiz'd and ſlew
The poor man's little all—his fav'rite ewe!—
The harmleſs innocent was doom'd to bleed,
The unwelcome ſtranger at his board to feed!
'As the Lord liveth, David made reply,
The man who did this thing ſhall ſurely die;
The ſavage theft four-fold he ſhall reſtore,
Becauſe he had no pity on the poor!
Since he no mercy would to others ſhow,
No mercy on himſelf will I beſtow!'
Here interrupting Nathan thus began—
'Vain hypocrite, thou art thyſelf the man.'
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſhame, remorſe, and dread,
The ſelf-convicted Monarch bow'd his head!

O'er-power'd

O'er-power'd by conscious guilt, his eyes cast down,
Nor dar'd to meet the angry Prophet's frown!
Who sternly thus went on:—"Presumptuous Man!
Dar'st thou presume thy subject's faults to scan?
When stain'd with vices of the blackest dye!—
Murder!—ingratitude!—adultery!
Say was there ought of blessings here below
Which thou could'st ask, or Heav'n's great King bestow,
But what his bounteous hand hath well supplied,
Nor left one lawful wish ungratified;
Exalted by his goodness to a throne,
Thy master's house, his wealth, his wives thy own!
And last, tho' not the least, thy Maker gave
A well-tried servant, open, just and brave;
Yourself, next Heaven, submissive he obey'd;
But you such faithful service ill repaid:—

His

His wife ſeduc'd, in hopes to hide your guilt;
The huſband's blood by treachery was ſpilt—
That blood in your defence ſo often ſhed,
For which juſt vengeance hovers o'er your head!—
That life he daily ventur'd in your cauſe;
Bravely reſign'd, he fell with juſt applauſe!
Whilſt thou, to gratify a guilty flame,
Art left a prey to ſad remorſe and ſhame!
When Saul, with a malignant ſpirit fraught,
Inſpir'd by envy, your deſtruction ſaught,
As at Engede he in ſlumbers lay,
Part of his garments thou did'ſt cut away;
How tender were thy feelings at the time,
When conſcience ſmote thee for ſo ſmall a crime!
For greater cauſe why ſmote it not again,
When good Uriah was unjuſtly ſlain?—
This deed a-while in dark oblivion lay,
But God will puniſh thee in open day!

As

As by the ſword this faithful ſervant fell,
So in your houſe the ſword ſhall ever dwell;
Your children's children, to the lateſt time,
In duſt and aſhes ſhall lament your crime!'—
Here Nathan paus'd awhile—the Monarch ſtands
In ſilent anguiſh, with uplifted hands;
Heart-rending ſighs that iſſu'd from his breaſt,
Beſpoke a mind with grief and ſhame oppreſs'd;
Contending paſſions ſtruggle to get vent,
Proſtrate he fell, his Royal garments rent!
'Tis done, he cry'd, (thus humbled to the duſt);
Yet muſt I own the ſentence ſtrictly juſt!
All laws I've broke, both human and divine,
At what I ſuffer dare I then repine!
My ſins, alas! are glaring as the day,
Yet, holy Prophet, caſt me not away!
Thou, whom I once preſum'd to call my friend,
Some gentle pity with your anger blend;

Oh,

Oh, plead my cauſe!—a gleam of hope beſtow,
To ſoften and relieve this poignant woe!
Without your aid, in this diſtreſsful hour,
How can I ſupplicate the heavenly power?
Your friendly counſel let me once more ſhare,
Nor give me up a victim to deſpair.'
The Monarch thus laments his former ſin,
While hope and fear alternate reign within.
From Nathan's lips expects his final doom,
Of clemency or puniſhment to come;
Such true contrition for his fault expreſs'd,
Rais'd ſome compaſſion in the Prophet's breaſt;
Benignant pity in his looks diſplay'd,
He gently rais'd him from the ground and ſaid,
'Your fault is paſt, once more look up and live,
Thus far of comfort Heaven permits to give,
Whoſe boundleſs mercy ſtill delights to ſpare,
However heinous man's tranſgreſſions are:
The great diſpoſer of our good or ill,
By me declares the purport of his will;

The juſt decree, ſubmiſſive learn to bear,
And ſhun alike preſumption or deſpair—
Know, thou muſt loſe, in a ſhort ſpace of time,
The darling fruit of thy unhappy crime;
All means to ſave him, 'tis in vain to try,
For reſt aſſur'd the child ſhall ſurely die.'

'Benevolus had ſcarce finiſhed reading the above, when the miſtreſs of the houſe entered, with a note in her hand, which ſhe had juſt received from her lodger, to inform her that he ſhould not return home till the next morning—'But if you have any commands 'for him, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you may 'depend upon my being punctual 'in delivering them.'

'I have

'I have no commands, madam,' replied Benevolus, 'but as I wish 'to ſerve him, I ſhall do myſelf 'the pleaſure to call ſome other 'time.'

'You are very good, Sir; and 'whatever your deſigns are in 'his favour, I believe you will 'have no cauſe to relinquiſh them; 'he is a worthy young man; but, 'I am ſorry to add, a very unfor-'tunate one.'

This openneſs encouraged Benevolus to aſk her ſome queſtions concerning the merit and circumſtances of the party in queſtion.

The anſwers he received confirming his firſt intentions, he took his leave, promiſing to repeat his viſit the next day; but this deſign was fruſtrated, by a letter he received ſoon after his return, which brought him the unwelcome news that his mother (who reſided near fifty miles from the Metropolis) was ſuddenly taken ill; and as her advanced age left but little room to hope for a recovery, ſhe requeſted he would come to her with all poſſible expedition, that ſhe might have the ſatisfaction of reſigning her breath in the arms of her beloved ſon. Impatient to obey the injunctions of a parent, whom he

equally

equally revered and loved, Benevolus gave orders for post-horses to be got ready immediately; yet unwilling to leave town without doing something for the unfortunate Poet, he wrote a few lines, begging him to accept the enclosed (which was a twenty-pound note), as a subscription towards the publication of his works. This he left in the hands of a trusty servant, with orders to deliver it the next day: then mounting his horse he pursued his journey with all the eagerness that filial duty could inspire.

Should I attempt to make any apology for now laying aside my

pen, I might perhaps be told, it would have been no loſs to the world if I had never taken it up. I will, therefore, only add, that if the PHILANTHOPIC RAMBLER is ſo fortunate as to obtain the approbation of my Readers, it is more than probable I ſhall have the temerity to make the remainder of his adventures the ſubject of another volume.

FINIS.